

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

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## TALES.

### THE RECORDING ANGELS.

From the London Traveller.

"A WOMAN'S work is never done," said Mrs. James; "I am sure I thought I should get through by sundown, and here is this lamp, now, on which I must go and spend half an hour before it will burn."

"Don't you wish you had never been married?" said Mr. James, with a good-natured laugh.

"Yes," rose to Mrs. James's lips; but a glance at her husband and two little urchins, who, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, were tumbling over him, checked that reply.

"I should like the good without the evil, if I could have it," she said.

"I am sure you have no great evil to endure," replied her husband.

"That is just all you gentlemen know about it. How should you like it if you could not get an uninterrupted half hour to yourself from morning to night? What would become of your favourite studies?"

"I do not think there is any need of that. I know your work could be arranged so systematically as to give you some time to call your own."

"Well, all I wish is," was the reply, "that you could follow me round for one day, and see what I have to do."

When the lamp was trimmed the conversation was resumed. Mr. James had been giving the subject some thought.

"Wife," said he, "I have a plan to purpose, and I wish you to promise me that you will accede to it. It is an experiment, and I wish you to give it a fair trial to please me."

After hesitating awhile, as she had great reason to suppose it would be quite impracticable, she at length promised.

"This is my plan. I want you to take two hours out of every day for your own private use.—Make a point of going up into your room, and locking yourself in, and let the work go undone if it must. Spend this time in the way most profitable to yourself. Now, I shall bind you down to your promise for one month; at the end of that time, if it has proved a total failure, we will try some other way."

"When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow!"

To-morrow came. Mrs. James had selected two hours before dinner as the most convenient for

her; and as the family dined at one o'clock, she was to have finished her morning work, be dressed, and in her room at eleven. Hearty as her efforts were to accomplish this, the appointed hour found her work but half done: yet, true to her promise, she retired to her room, and turned the key in the door.

After spending perhaps half an hour in forming her plans for study, she drew up a table, placed her books before her, prepared pen and paper, and commenced with much enthusiasm. Scarcely was the pen dipped in the ink, when there was a tramping of little feet along the hall, and a loud pounding on the chamber-door.

"Mamma, mamma, I cannot find my mittens, and Frank is going out with me to slide!"

"Go to Amy, daughter; mamma is busy now."

"Amy is busy, too, and says she can't leave the baby."

Upon this the child began to cry. The easiest way for Mrs. James to settle the difficulty, and indeed the only way, was to go and hunt up the missing articles. Then a parley must be held with Frank to induce him to wait for his sister, and the little girl's tears must be dried, and little hearts must be set right before the children were sent out to play, and a little lecture given, too, on the necessity of putting things where they belonged. Time slipped away, and Mrs. James returned to her study; her watch told her that one hour was gone. She quietly resumed her task, and was getting well under way again, when a heavier step was heard, and her door was once more tired. Now, Mr. James must be admitted.

"Mary," said he, "do come and put on a string for me. There is not a bosom in my drawer in order. I am in a hurry. I ought to have been down town an hour ago."

Mrs. James went for her work-basket, and followed him. The tape was sewed on, then a button needed fastening, then a rip in his glove must be mended.

Mrs. James took his glove and stitched away at it, with a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth.

"What are you laughing at?" inquired her husband.

"To think how famously your plan works," replied she.

"I declare," exclaimed he, "was this your study hour? I am sorry; but what can a man do? he cannot go down town without a shirt-bosom."

"Certainly not," replied his wife, quietly.

When her liege lord was fairly equipped, Mrs.

James returned to her room again. About half an hour remained to her, of which she was determined to make the most. Once more was her place found, and her pen dipped in the ink, when there was another disturbance in the entry. Amy had returned with the baby from his walk. She took him into the nursery to get him asleep.—Now, the only room in the house where Mrs. James could have a fire to herself was the room adjoining the nursery. The ordinary noise of the children did not disturb her; but the very extraordinary one which Master Charley felt called upon to make, when he was fairly upon his back in the cradle, was rather more than could be borne by most mothers, without seriously disturbing the train of their thoughts. Mrs. James closed her book until the storm should be overpast. Soon after quiet was restored, the children came in from sliding, crying, with cold fingers. Just as the dinner bell rang, Mrs. James closed her book in despair.

"How did you succeed with your studies this morning?" inquired Mr. James. "I am sure I did not hinder you long."

"No; yours was only one of a dozen interruptions."

"Oh, well; you must not be discouraged. You cannot expect to succeed the first time. Persist in it until the family learn, that if they want anything of you, they must come at some other time."

The second day of trial happened to be a stormy one; and as the morning was very dark, Bridget overslept herself, and breakfast was an hour later. This last hour Mrs. James could not recover.—Eleven o'clock came, and her morning work was but half done. With a mind disturbed and depressed, she left things in the suds as they were, and retired punctually to her study. She found, however, that it was impossible to fix her attention upon anything which required thought. Neglected duties haunted her as ghosts do the guilty conscience. Finding she was really doing nothing with her books, and wishing not to lose the morning wholly, she commenced a letter. Bridget came to her door before she had written half a page.

"What shall we have for dinner, ma'am? There ain't no marketing come, and you did not tell me what to get."

"Have some steaks."

"We han't got any."

"Well, I will send out for some."

Now, there was no one to send but Amy, and Mrs. James knew it. With a sigh, she put away her letter, and went into the nursery.

"Amy, Mr. James has forgotten the marketing. I wish you would run over to the provision store and order some beef steaks; I will stay with baby."

Amy was none too well pleased to be sent to this errand. She remarked, "that she must first change her dress."

"Be as quick as possible, then," said Mrs. James, "for I am particularly engaged this morning."

Amy neither obeyed nor disobeyed, but managed to take her own time in reality, though without any direct determination to do so. Mrs. James, thinking she might get along a sentence or two in the nursery, took the German book in; but to this arrangement Charley would by no means consent. Mamma must show him the kittens in the book; whether there or not, it was all one to him—but amused he must be. Half her second day's time of trial was gone, when Amy came in; and, with a sigh, Mrs. James returned to her room. Before one o'clock, she had been called down to the kitchen twice on some important business relating to the dinner, and, for this day, not one entire page in a letter had been written.

On the third morning she rose early, made every provision for dinner, and for the comfort of the family, which she deemed necessary, and, elated by success, in good spirits, and with good courage, she entered her study precisely at eleven o'clock. Now, she was to have a fine time of it. Her books were opened, and a hard lesson summoned to the conflict. Scarcely had she read a line when she heard the door bell ring.

"Somebody wishes to see you in the parlor, Mrs. James."

"Tell them I am engaged, Bridget."

"I told them you were to home, ma'am, and they gave me their names; but I did not exactly understand."

Mrs. James was obliged to go. To smile when she felt sober, to be social when her thoughts were elsewhere. Her friends, however, seemed to find her agreeable, for they made a long call; and, when they rose to go, others came. So, in the most unsatisfactory chit-chat, all this morning went.

On the next day Mr. James invited company to tea, and Mrs. James was obliged to give up the morning to preparing for it, and did not enter her study. On the next day following she was obliged to keep her bed with sick headache; and on Saturday, Amy having extra work to do, the charge of the baby devolved upon her. Thus passed the first week.

True to her promise, Mrs. James patiently persevered for a month in her efforts to secure to herself this fragment of her broken time, with what success the week's history can tell. With its close closed the month of December. Being particularly occupied on the last day of the old year, in getting ready for the morrow's festival, it was near the last hour of the day when she made her good-night's call in the nursery. She went to the crib to look at baby; there he lay, fast asleep, in his innocence and beauty. She kissed his rosy cheek gently, and stroked softly his golden hair, and pressing his little dimpled hands within hers, she drew the warm covering more closely around him, carefully tucking it in; then stealing one more kiss, she left him to his slumbers and sat down on

her daughter's bed. She was also sweetly asleep, with her dolly hugged close to her. Her mother smiled, but soon it seemed as if graver and sadder thoughts filled her mind, as indeed they did. She was thinking of her disappointed plans. To her, not only the past month—but the past year, seemed to have been one of fruitless effort; it seemed to her broken and disjointed; even her hours of religious meditation had been encroached upon and distracted. She had accomplished nothing that she could see, but keep her house and family; and, to her saddened thoughts, even this seemed to have been but indifferently done. Yearnings for something better than this, she was conscious of.

What did she need then? To see some of the results of her life-work? To be conscious of some unity of purpose, some weaving together of these life-threads, now so broken and single?

She felt, she was quite sure, no desire to shrink from duty, however humble; but she sighed for some comforting assurance of what *was* duty.—Her pursuits, conflicting as they did with her tastes, seemed to her frivolous. She felt there was some better way of living, which she had failed of discovering. As she leaned over her child her tears now fell fast upon that young brow.

How earnestly wished that mother that she could shield her child from the disappointments and self-reproaches and mistakes from which she was then suffering; that the little one might take up life where she could give it to her mended by all her own experience. It would have been a great comfort, could she have felt that she could have fought the battle for both. Yet she knew that it could not be so; that we must all learn for ourselves what are those things which make for our peace. With tears still in her eyes, she gave the good-night to the child and with soft step entered the adjoining room, and there fairly kissed out the old year on another chubby cheek which nestled among the pillows; then she sought her own rest.

Soon she found herself in a singular place. She was traversing a vast plain; no trees were visible, save those which skirted the distant horizon; on their tops rested a wreath of golden clouds. Before her, travelling towards that distant light, was a female. Little children were about her, sometimes in her arms, and sometimes at her side.—As she journeyed on, she busied herself caring for them. Now she soothed them when weary—now she taught them how to travel, and again she warned them of the pitfalls and stumbling-blocks in the way. She helped them over the one, and taught them to be wary of the other. She talked to them of that golden light which she kept constantly in view, and towards which she seemed hastening with her little flock. But what was most remarkable was, that, all unknown to her, two golden clouds floated above her, on which reposed two angels. Before each was a golden book and a pen of gold. One angel with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over the right shoulder, and the other over the left; they followed her from the rising to the setting of the sun. They watched every word and look and deed, no matter how trivial. When it was good, the angel over the right shoulder, with a glad smile, wrote it down in his golden book; when evil, however trivial, the angel over the left shoulder wrote it down in his book. Then he kept his sorrowful eyes on her, un-

til he found penitence for the evil upon, which he dropped a tear upon his record and blotted it out, and both angels rejoiced. To the lookers-on it seemed as if the traveller did little which was worthy of such careful record.

Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her children, and the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes she did but wait patiently to lure back some little truant who had taken a step in the wrong direction, and the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down.

Sometimes, with her eyes fixed upon the golden horizon, she became so intent upon her own progress as to let the pilgrims at her side languish or stray; then it was the angel over the left shoulder who lifted the golden pen and made the entry, followed her with sorrowing eyes, seeking to blot it out. If, wishing to hasten on her journey, she left the little ones behind, it was the sorrowing angel recorded her progress. Now the observer felt, as she looked on, that this was a faithful record, and was to be kept to that journey's end. Those strong clasps of gold on those golden books also impressed her with the belief that they were to be sealed for a future opening. Her sympathies were warmly excited for the traveller, and, with a beating heart, she quickened her steps that she might overtake her, and tell her what she had seen, and entreat her to be watchful, and faithful, and patient to the end in her life's work, for she had herself seen that its results would all be known when those golden books should be unclasped. That she must not think any duty, which it fell in her way to do, trivial, for surely there was an angel over her right shoulder, or one over her left, who would record it all.

Eager to warn her of this, she gently touched her. The traveller turned, and she recognised, or seemed to recognise, *herself*. Startled and alarmed, she awoke, and found herself in tears. The gray light of morning struggled through the half-open shutter, the door was ajar, and merry faces were peeping in.

"Wish you a happy new year, mamma. Wish you a happy new year!"

She returned the merry greeting, heartily. She seemed to have entered on a new existence; she had found her way through the maze where she had been entangled, and light was now about her path. The angel over the right shoulder whom she had seen in her dream, had assured her that her life-work was bound up in that golden book, and its final results would be known; had assured her what was duty. Now she saw plainly enough, what she had not seen before, that while it was right and important for her to cultivate, as far as she could, her own mind and heart, it was equally right and equally important for her to perform faithfully all those little household duties and cares, on which the comfort or virtue of her family depended.

They had acquired a new dignity from the records of that golden pen—and they could not be neglected without danger.

Sad thoughts, and misgivings, and ungratified longings seemed all to have taken their flight with the old year; and it was with a new resolution, a cheerful hope, and happy heart, that she welcomed the new year.

POVERTY is a self-instructing virtue.



## SKETCH BY A PHYSICIAN.

From Bentley's Magazine.

ONE of the most extraordinary instances of delusion which ever came under my observation, was presented in the person of young Edward N—. The name of insanity, in the minds of most people, is connected with ideas of delirium and danger, of the barred cell, or shaded apartment, nearly as awful to the chilled soul of the spectator as the chamber of death itself. Those, however, whose mental aberrations are glaring to all, form but a small part of the many who, although mingling in society, and conforming to its ceremonies, are, nevertheless, haunted by some dreadful thought, some apparition in the shape of a fancy, which they are unable to banish, and which, in reality, constitutes a lunacy as distinct, and perhaps as dangerous, as that of the raving wretch whose peals of hysteric laughter are heard mingling with the clank of his chains. Edward was not my intimate friend, but I had known and admired him. His health was not apparently impaired, and he had never dreamed of requiring my professional aid, although he was naturally of that nervous and irritable state of body and mind which most easily falls a prey to hypochondriacal imaginations. His talents were dazzling—indeed brilliantly so; and after having completed a very finished course of classical education, he had entered upon the study of the legal profession, with the ardor of youth and conscious genius. In person I never knew any more perfectly noble; and his manners exercised a fascinating influence over every circle. He was the ornament, the charm, the life of every company. I never saw in any one preceptions of the beautiful more continually awake. I had gained some insight into his character, however, which surprised me, by some stanzas shown me, and ascribed to him. They were totally irreconcilable with his general liveliness of demeanour, and seemed poured forth in an agonizing spirit of wretchedness, which I could scarcely contemplate with unmoistened eyes.

One evening I accompanied him to a rather brilliant *fete* at B's. Habituated as I was to his animated manner in society, even I was astonished at the perpetual sparkles of wit and merriment, which drew upon him the eyes of all present. As he stood by the piano, in the act of singing, I was struck with his lofty and elegant form, the expression which flashed from his large black eyes, and the mellow richness and perfect sweetness of his voice. A fair young girl, who had been gazing with a dangerous earnestness, blushed as she perceived I noticed her; and yet, with a look of glowing admiration, whispered me, while the lids of her glistening eyes drooped, as if she were saying something which she felt to the innermost core of her heart:

"Edward N. ought to be the happiest man in the world."

The next morning I was called in to see him. I absolutely started on beholding his fine countenance, now unlighted by any expression but that of a dim weariness, an apathy, as of one sick of life. I had never yet thus accompanied him behind the scenes, and, as I took his dry, feverish hand, and felt his pulse, he read my astonishment in my looks, and said:

"Well, doctor, you think I am sick?"

"You have certainly exposed yourself since last night," said I.

"Oh, a slight shower," he answered.

"But that was not till late; besides, you returned in the carriage."

"Ay, doctor, but I walked out again."

"Walked out again?" exclaimed I. "What! after two o'clock, and those heated rooms! Walk out again in a shower? You deserve some pain for such carelessness. What was the matter? Any accident?"

He raised his languid eyes.

"Doctor, I have often had a mind to confess to you; but, some how or other, a fear, a silly fear, has prevented me."

"Confess! What?"

His face assumed an expression of horror, and a momentary paleness overspread it.

"Doctor, I am a *wretch*! a blighted, scathed outcast; life is a curse. Since Providence first created man, this puny creature, this reptile, this basest and meanest of all his productions; he never formed one so low, so unfortunate, so—"

"Why, Edward," I said, chilled through with the singular earnestness, and the apparent agony with which he spoke; "what nonsense has mastered you this morning? You are slightly indisposed—with cold, and a touch of the blues; to-morrow you will be as merry as ever."

"To-morrow!" he echoed bitterly and sarcastically; "merry!—oh, yes. This is a momentary feeling, I suppose. This withering *agony*, which has rankled in my bosom for years. Oh, no, doctor; the flashes of brief cheerfulness, which you have noticed in society, are a species of intoxication; wine, women, the upspringing of the mind from protracted and gloomy depression—the natural brightness of my nature gleaming out fitfully; but, when the excitement has passed away, heavens! the slimy toad in the dungeon, the hideous light-hating owl, are not more lonely, dark, and miserable than I."

"And for what, pray, Edward?" said I smiling.

My incredulity appeared to vex him, and to urge him on to be more communicative than he had at first proposed.

"Doctor, I am labouring under a curse—a hideous, blasting, unshunnable ban from some demon. It follows me like a shadow, every-where, every-where, every-where. It crosses me in all my plans. It falls like a thunderbolt on all my budding hopes. Everything I undertake fails; every one I love dies or turns traitor. I have knelt down and prayed that the lightning might strike me, that disease might touch me, or that some sudden accident might break this *nightmare* dream of existence."

I at once perceived my friend was sadly afflicted with hypochondriacism.

"And how long have you supposed yourself so unfortunate?"

"Since my boyhood—it has ever been thus.—I am permitted to hope, to believe myself happy. The most delicious and tempting prospect is spread out before my eyes; but when I would approach, just as I think I have reached the summit of my desires, the demon strikes—wrenches my heart—stabs, stabs with a dagger, which agonizes forever, but cannot kill."

I endeavored to persuade him of the impossibility of his suspicion. I urged that all human beings were subject to disappointment, and that while he

felt his own, those of others were concealed from his examination.

"Go abroad," continued I; "walk forth through the church-yard. It is crowded with mossy stones and stately monuments. The names of sweet women and children, of fathers and mothers; all are written there in melancholy silence. Each one of those has wrenched fond hearts, has left wrecked hopes and affections. Thousands throng the streets of this great city, whose souls yearn for that unbroken repose; besides, in dwelling too intensely upon your miseries, you overlook innumerable blessings. Everybody believes you to be happy. You have health, education, personal advantages, accomplishments, youth, and wealth."

He smiled mournfully.

"Alas, alas! What are these when the heart is a void? All these I could despise, if in their stead I possessed affections, occupied and successful. But the curse of my life has been that these should be always disappointed. I am forever rolling the rock to the summit to behold it again cast down."

I hinted to him, with an attempt to rouse him into some mirth, that *bachelorism* was his disease.

"You are surrounded," said I, "by young and lovely women."

"Ay," said he, "but who loves me? I know that if I should dare to fix my outpouring passions upon any one, it would be singling her out for heaven's wrath, from all the crowd about her.—Either she would hate me, or I should be the means of leading her into some misery, now unforeseen and inconceivable. Disease would strike her, or some wintry grief would freeze the current of her sparkling joy."

"Ridiculous," said I, for I noticed that he seemed to waver in his anguish, that the turn which the conversation had taken had touched some string in his bosom, whose vibrations stirred within him more agreeable emotions. With difficulty I persuaded him to unbosom himself to me, and I learned with the most pleasing surprise, that he had conceived a determined passion for the lady who, on the previous evening, had betrayed such a decided interest in him. I mentioned the circumstance; it thrilled him with pleasure. We parted—weeks passed away; and, after the customary preliminaries their mutual partiality was mutually understood, and they were married. I attended the joyful ceremony, on the completion of which the party set out on a little tour, usual on such occasions, and required no powerful persuasions to accompany them. Edward's spirits were high.—He never appeared to so much advantage. I could perceive how the influence of such circumstances would at length have re-established his mind, and restored the elasticity of his broken spirits. I am rather too far advanced in life to fall into raptures about a face, or a form, be it male or female; for the years which sprinkle snow on a man's forehead, also chill the heart, and sober down the restless fancy. But the unusual loveliness of the happy bride, the grace and propriety of her deportment, and the evidently favorable sway with which she controlled the wayward gloom of my friend, elicited both pleasure and hope.

"She beams upon him," I thought, "as the spring sun upon the late frozen earth, and his bosom will change from a desert to a garden clothed with luxuriant verdure. Accustomed, as I am, to

the dark incidents of life, the dreams that this latest and most specious plan of happiness which my friend had ever formed, might also be broken, never entered my mind. Gloomy, indeed, are the ways of the world. I tremble and shudder to look abroad.

It was proposed by Edward that the party should deviate a day's journey from their route, for the purpose of visiting a romantic cataract, embosomed among towering cliffs, and presenting a scene of uncommon grandeur and beauty.

Mary objected. It was strange. She stated no reason, but that she had a fear of that precipitous style of scenery.

"You little coward," said Edward. "She wants your assistance, doctor. You have cured me, you know, and now you shall her."

We accordingly started for the—falls.

It was one of those glowing, tranquil summer afternoons, when we reached the scene, which casts a subdued splendour all over nature. The red beams of the declining sun streamed through the green forest, as we wandered down the broken rock to the spot whence the roar of the cataract proceeded.

Mary had forgotten her fears, and was the liveliest of the company. The sound of her sweet laugh yet rings in my ears; her eyes sparkling with the excitement and exercise, her cheeks glowing, and all her looks and words compelled me to murmur a prayer of gratitude, that two whom I so loved were completely blessed.

"Come, Mary," said Edward, "let us walk to yonder rock. Come, doctor."

"We shall get wet with the spray," said Mary.

"Who cares," replied Edward, "no one with a soul can take cold with such a scene before his eyes. Come along coward! What are you afraid of?"

Our voices were lost in the deafening roar of the heavy body of water which swept beautifully over the precipice, and poured, splendidly flashing, in one unbroken sheet of green, white, and gold. Our path was narrow, and let along the very bank of the river, which, after the leap, lapsed by with a silent swiftness, presenting a broad black current of extraordinary depth and power. We picked our road over the broken ledges. I was foremost, Edward next, and, lastly the dear, the beautiful, and beloved companion of our journey; the path being too narrow to admit of any other method of reaching the point proposed. The rest of the company had pursued a different direction.

I looked backed once. Edward was stooping to pick a shell. Mary flung a little pebbles at me, and shook her head laughingly. I turned away, and in a moment again looked back. Never shall I forget the shock—the horror that thrilled through my soul, at the sight which then blasted my view.

Edward was standing in an attitude of frenzy, his eyes starting from their sockets, his hands clasped convulsively together, his lips quivering, and his face terribly pale. Mary was nowhere to be seen. Her bonnet and plume floated on the water.

T. S. F.

MUSQUITOES are very small insects, but one has been known to move a man weighing 200 pounds, and kept him moving all night at that.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK was born at Otisco, an agricultural town in central New York, in the year 1810. His father had been a soldier in the revolutionary army, and his services had won for him tributes of acknowledgement from the government. He had read much, and was fond of philosophical speculations; and in his son he found an earnest and ready pupil. The teachings of the father, and the classical inculcations of the Reverend GEORGE COLTON, a maternal relative, laid a firm foundation for the acquirements which afterward gave grace and vigor to his writings.

At an early age, stimulated by the splendid scenery outspread on every side around him, CLARK began to feel the poetic impulse. He painted the beauties of Nature with singular fidelity, and in numbers most musical; and as he grew older, a solemnity and gentle sadness of thought pervaded his verse, and evidenced his desire to gather from the scenes and images it reflected, lessons of mortality.

When he was about twenty years of age he repaired to Philadelphia, where his reputation as a poet had already preceeded him, and under the auspices of his friend, the Reverend Doctor ELY, commenced a weekly miscellany similar in design to the "Mirror," then and now published in New York. This work was abandoned after a brief period, and CLARK assumed, with the Reverend Doctor BRANTLEY, an eminent Baptist clergyman, now President of the College of South Carolina, the charge of the "Columbian Star," a religious and literary periodical, of high character, in which he printed many brief poems of considerable merit, a few of which were afterward included in a small volume with a more elaborate work entitled "The Spirit of Life," original prepared as an exercise at a collegiate exhibition, and distinguished for the melody of its versification and the rare felicity of its illustrations.

After a long association with the reverend editor of the "Columbian Star," CLARK was solicited to take charge of the "Philadelphia Gazette," one of the oldest and most respectable journals in Pennsylvania. He ultimately became its proprietor, and from that time until his death continued to conduct it. In 1836 he was married to ANNE POYNTELL CALDCLEUGH, the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Philadelphia, and a woman of great personal beauty, rare accomplishments, and an affectionate disposition, who fell a victim to that most terrible disease of our climate, consumption, in the meridian of her youth and happiness, leaving her husband a prey to the deepest melancholy.

From this time his wealth gradually declined, and his friends perceived that the same disease which had robbed him of the "light of his existence," would soon deprive them also of his fellowship. Though his illness was of long duration, he was himself unaware of its character, and when I last saw him, a few weeks before his death, he was rejoicing at the return of spring, and confident that he would soon be well enough to walk about the town or go into the country. He continued to write for his paper until the last day of his life the twelfth of June, 1841.

His metrical writings are all distinguished for a graceful and elegant diction, thoughts morally and poetically beautiful, and chaste and appropriate imagery. The sadness which pervades them is not the gloom of misanthropy, but a gentle religious melancholy; and while they portray the changes of life and nature they point to another and a purer world, for which our affections are chastened, and our desires made perfect by suffering in this.

The qualities of his prose are essentially different from those of his poetry. Occasionally he poured forth grave thoughts in eloquent and fervent language, but far more often delighted his readers by passages of irresistible humor and wit. His perception of the ludicrous was acute, and his jests and "cranks and wanton wiles" evinced the fullness of his powers and the benevolence of his feelings. The tales and essays which he found leisure to write for the New York "Knickerbocker Magazine,"—a monthly miscellany of high reputation edited by his only and twin brother, Mr. LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK—and especially a series of amusing papers under the quaint title of "Ollapodiana," will long be remembered as affording abundant evidence of the qualities I have enumerated.

In person Mr. CLARK was of the middle height, his form was erect and manly, and his countenance pleasing and expressive. In ordinary intercourse he was cheerful and animated, and he was studious to conform to the conventional usages of society. Warm-hearted, confiding, and generous, he was a true friend, and by those who knew him intimately he was much loved.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE PIRATES.

THERE lived not many years ago, on the Eastern shore of Mt. Desert, (a large island off the coast of Maine,) an old fisherman, by the name of Jedediah Spinnett, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burthen, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont to go about once a year to the grand banks, for the purpose of gathering codfish. The old man had five things of which he loved to boast—his schooner Betsey Jenkins, and his four sons. The sons were all their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said their like was not to be found for fifty miles round. The oldest was thirty-two, while the youngest had just completed his twenty-sixth year, and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John and Samuel.

One morning a stranger called upon Jedediah to engage him to take to Havana some iron machinery belonging to steam engines for sugar plantations. The terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man with his sons immediately set about putting the machinery on board; that accomplished, they set sail for Havana with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind. One morning, however, a vessel was descried off their larboard quarter, which, after some hesitation, the old man pronounced to be a pirate. There was not much time allowed them for doubting, for the vessel soon saluted them with a not very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under their stern.

"That means for us to heave too," remarked the old man.



"Then I guess we'd better do it, hadn't we," said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the Betsey Jenkins was brought up into the wind, and her main boom hauled over to windward.

"Now boys," said the old man, as soon as the schooner came to a stand, "all we can do is to be as cool as possible, and trust to fortune. There is no way to escape, that I can see now; but perhaps if we are civil, they will take such stuff as they want and let us go. At any rate, there's no use crying about it, for it can't be helped. Now get your pistols and see that they are surely loaded, and have your knives ready, but be sure and hide them, so that the pirate shall see no show of resistance. In a few minutes, all the arms which the schooner afforded, with the exception of one or two old muskets, were put about the persons of our Down Easters, and they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

"One word more boys," says the old man, just as the pirate came round under the stern. Now watch every movement I make and be ready to jump the moment I speak."

As Captain Spinnett ceased speaking, the pirate luffed up under the fisherman's lee quarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was graced by the presence of a dozen as savage looking mortals as eyes ever rested upon.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?" asked the leader of the boarders, as he approached the old man.

"Yes sir."

"What's your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam ingins."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate with a searching look.

At this moment Capt. Spinnett's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the south'rd and east'rd, but not a sight betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot through his mind, he hesitatingly replied:

"Well, there is a leetle something else."

"Ha! and what is it?"

"Why, sir, p'raps I had'n't ought to tell," said Capt. Spinnett, counterfeiting the most extreme perturbation. "You see, 'twas given me as a sort of trust, an' 'twouldn't be right for me to give it up. You can take anything else you please, for I s'pose that I can't help myself."

"You are an honest dodger, at any rate," said the pirate, "but if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me what you've got on board, and exactly the place where it lies."

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone he muttered:

"Don't kill me, sir, don't, I'll tell all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes and stowed away under some of the boxes just for'ard o' the cabin bulkhead, but Mr. De-foe didn't suspect that anybody would have thought of looking there."

"Perhaps so," chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee.

In a few moments the pirates had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the silver dollars, they forgot all else; but not so with Spin-

nett; he had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the villians disappeared below the hatchway, than he turned to his boys.

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the forethroat and peak halyards, an' you, John, cut the main. Be quick now, an' the moment you've done it, jump aboard the pirate. —Andrew and Sam, you cast off the pirate's grapplings, and then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the vessel. Now for it."

No sooner were the last words out of the old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly as they had been directed. The fore and main halyards were cut and the two grapplings cast off at the same instant, and as the heavy gaffs came rattling down, our five heroes leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt her liberty, her head swung off; and before the astonished buccanneers could gain the deck of the fisherman, their own vessel was half a cable's length to the leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

"Halloa there!" shouted Capt. Spinnett, as the luckless pirates crowded round the lee gangway of their prize, "when you find, them ere silver dollars, just let us know, will you?"

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did him no harm, crowding on all sail he made for the vessel he had discovered which lay dead to leeward of him, and which he now made out to be a large ship. The clipped cut through the water like a dolhin, and in a remarkable short space of time. Spinnett luffed up under the ship's stern, and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East Indiaman, bound for Charleston, having, all told, thirty men on board, twenty of whom at once jumped into the clipper, and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Before dark, Capt. Spinnett was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth, he shouted.

"Schooner, ahoy? Will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board?"

"Come and try it!" returned the pirate captain as he brandished his cutlass above his head, in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight to the last.

But that was his last moment for Seth was crouched below the bulwarks taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle, and as the bloody villain was turning to his men, the sharp crack of Seth Spinnett's rifle rung its fatal death peal, and the pirate captain fell back into the arms of his men, with a brace of bullets through his heart.

"Now," shouted the old man as he leveled the long pivot gun, and seized a lighted match, "I'll give you just five minutes to make up your minds in, and if you don't surrender, I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their captain, and, withal, the sight of the pointed pivot gun—the peculiar properties of which they knew full well—brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons, and agreed to give themselves up.

It was two days from that time Capt. Spinnett delivered his cargo safely in Havana, and gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities,

and delivered the clipper up to the government, in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for an independence the remainder of his life, as well as a very handsome medal from the governor.

## PADDY AND THE LOVERS.

OR, AN UNSOCIAL BEDFELLOW.

A FEW months since a son of Erin, about nine o'clock one evening, called at a country inn, in the western part of Pennsylvania, and demanded lodgings for the night. It was evident, from his appearance and actions, that he and liquor had been quite jolly companions throughout the day. The landlord was a lazy, good natured soul, and had imbibed rather freely that day himself.

"If I give you a light, and tell you where the room is, you can find the place," said the landlord.

"Och, an' it's meself that can do that most illegantly. Jist show me the way, an' I'll find it as azy as the howly vargin showers down blessings upon the sinful," rejoined Pat.

The directions were given him, and also a candle. He was directed to go to a room in the second story of the house. By the time he had reached the top of the stairs, his light had become extinguished, and he had forgotten in what direction he was to go. Seeing rays of light issuing from a room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he reconnoitered the inside of the room, and found it to contain a bed, in which lay a man, and a stand with a small, lighted lamp upon it. Feeling disinclined to make any further search for the room to which he had been directed, he divested himself of his clothing, and quietly crept into the back part of the bed. He had been in bed but a few moments, when a young lady and gentleman entered the room. Paddy eyed them closely. They seated themselves on chairs in proximity to each other, and after chatting merrily for a short time, the young man threw his arm around her waist in a cousinly manner, and imprinted a kiss upon her tempting lips. There was a witchery in it which demanded repetition. The scene amused the Irishman vastly; and being free from selfishness, he concluded that his sleeping companion should be a participant with him in the enjoyment of the scene—and to this end he nudged him, but his companion stirred not. He then put his hand on him, and found that he was tightly locked in the embrace of death. Simultaneous with this discovery, he bounded out of bed, exclaiming—

"Murther! murther! Howly saints of hiven perrect me!"

He had scarcely touched the floor with his feet, before the young lady and gentleman were making rapid strides towards the stairway, terror being depicted on their countenances. They had just reached the top of the stairs when the Irishman came dashing along as though all the fiends of Erebus were close at his heels, intent on making him their prey, and the whole three went tumbling down stairs, and it is hard to determine which of the three reached the foot of the stairs first. The landlord stood aghast as the Irishman rushed into the bar-room, with nothing between him and nudity but a garment vulgarly styled a skirt, the hair on his head standing upon end, his eye-balls ready to leap from their sockets, and he gasping for breath. It was a sight that would have made a man laugh who had worn a vinegar face from the day of his

birth. Nothing could induce him to seek a bed that night again.—When the young lady and gentleman found it was no the corpse that had so unceremoniously bounded from the bed, they returned to the room, (they being the watchers for the night,) and, doubtless, commenced their courting at the point where it had suddenly broken off.

#### A VERY GOOD HUSBAND.

WHEN a lady admits that her husband is a good one, we take it for granted that he is particularly good. And when Mrs. Lydia McKeesie declared that her husband was a "very good one;" we were inclined to set him down as a paragon of a spouse, though there was nothing in the gentleman's face or figure to make one suspect that he was much better than the average.

"Do you say that you have no complaint to make against your husband, Mrs. M.?"

"Not a bit of complaint I'll be making against, Jemmy your honor. It's a nate decent lad he is, as ever an honest woman need to be combined to."

"The watchman has sworn that this husband of yours was beating you last night."

"Oh, it might have been a trifle of that, and sure a little beating, now and then, will not do a woman a great deal of harm, when she's used to it, yer honour."

"You are used to it; then, Mrs. McKeesie?"

"Indade not twenty-four hours goes over me head without a taste of it. But it's only the drink and not the devil, that makes Jemmy switch me a little with the broomstick or some such other utensils. It's a very good husband he is, your worship."

"It seems he gets tipsy and beats you once at least every twenty-four hours?"

"You see how consarned he looks about it, your worship. It's the sweetest temper he has that ever you laid your eyes on; and when he has got all the drink he nades, he's as quiet as a lambkin. Surely if bating me a bit, for exercise jist, will do him any good, he's welcome entirely."

"But it's a disturbance of the public peace, Mrs. McKeesie. Your out-cries last night alarmed the neighborhood."

"Ah, did it thin? It was a very naughty of me to make a noise for such a trifle, and I'll very willingly abide with the punishment. But Jemmy's quite innocent, your worship. Not a ha' porth of noise did he make—you couldn't have heard the lick he gave me to the next house I'll be bound. Didn't he flog me nice and aisy, with a bit of rope not taking his stick for fear of incommoding the neighbors? Sorrow a better husband any woman need to have than Jemmy McKeesie."

So earnestly did Mrs. M. intercede for Jemmy, that she obtained his discharge, and we hope for the credit of manhood, that her kindness touched his heart, sufficiently at least to save her from one of her daily castigations.

#### THE CHILD TO THE TOMB.

The following eloquent anecdote is from the journal of a traveller in the East.

A little child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

At Smyrna, the burial ground of the Armenians,

like that of the Moslen, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort not only with the bereaved, but those whose feelings are not darkly overcast. I met there one morning a girl, with a half playful countenance, busy blue eye, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a cup of china, and in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet and laid the wreath on its pure fane.

"And why," I enquired, "my sweet girl, do you put seed in those little bowls there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied with a half wondering look; they will light on this tree when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing, to you or each other?"

"Oh!" she replied, "to my sister—she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead?"

"Oh, yes sir, but she hears the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see the wreath of flowers."

"But she, knows I put it there. I told her before they took her away from our house, I would come and see here every morning."

"You must," I continued "have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her in heaven."

"But she has gone to heaven already, I trust."

"No, she stops under this tree till they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together."

#### A SCENE IN A JUSTICE COURT.

The Hartford Times vouched for the following story.—

"Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery on Miss Sweeny."

"I've the money in me pocket, and I'll pay the fine if your honor will give me the resate."

"We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You will not be called upon a second time for your fine."

"But, your honor, I'll be wanting to pay the same without I get a resate."

"What do you want to do with it?"

"If your honor will write one and give it to me, I'll tell you."

"Well, there is your receipt. Now, what do you want to do with it?"

"I'll tell your honor. You see one of these days I'll be after dying, and when I get to the gate of Heaven I'll rap, and St. Peter will say, 'Who's there?' and I'll say, 'It's me, Pat Malone.' and he'll say, 'What do you want?' and I'll say, 'I want to come in,' then he'll say, 'Did you behave yourself like a decent boy in the other world and pay all your little fines, and such things?' and I'll say, 'Yes, your holiness, I paid all of them,' and then he'll want to see the resates, and I'll put my hand into my pocket and take out my resates, and give it to him, and I'll not have to

go plodding all over Hell to find your honor to get one."

#### I GOT A-GOING AND COULDN'T STOP.

A LITTLE boy, named Frank, was standing in the yard, when his father called him:

"Frank!"

"Sir!" said Frank, and started at full speed and ran into the street.

His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

"Yes, sir," answered Frank.

"Well, then," said his father, "what made you run into the street?"

"Oh," said Frank, "I got a-going and couldn't stop."

This is the way that a great many boys get into difficulty; they get a-going and can't stop. The boy that tells falsehoods, began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story, or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, until he got a-going and couldn't stop.

The boy that was brought before the police and sent to the House of Correction for stealing began by taking little things—by stealing sweet meats and other nice things that were put away.—Next he began to take things from companions at school. He got a-going and could not stop till he got into jail.

#### AN INTERESTING STORY.

"Shon, mine son," said a worthy German father to his hopeful heir, of ten years, whom he had everheard using profane language; "Shon, mine son! come here I vill tell you a shorty. Now, mine son, shall it be a drue shorty, or a makes believes?"

"Oh, a true story of course," answered John.

"Verry vell, den. There vas vonce a goot nice old shentleman, (shoost like me,) and he had a dirty liddle boy, (shoost like you.) And von day he heard him swearing, like a young villian as he vas. So he vent to de corner, and dook out a cowhide, shoost as I am doing now, and he took ter dirty little plackguard py de collar, (dis way you see!) and volloped him shoost so! And den, mine tear son, he bull his ear dis vay, and shmack his face dat very vay and dells him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vill do dis evening."

#### KISSING A YANKEE TAILOR'S WIFE.

WILLIAM the IV. late King of England, when Prince of Wales, during his services on the coast of Canada, made an excursion into Upper Canada, and crossed over into the State of Vermont. He entered a tailor's shop, and on seeing the tailor's wife, an exceedingly beautiful woman, he without ceremony ravished a kiss from the lady, and remarked,

"There now, tell your country women that the son of the King of England, has kissed a Yankee tailor's wife."

Unhappily for him at that moment, her husband, the tailor, appeared from the back room, and being a stout fellow, gave the scion of royalty a tremendous kick and exclaimed:

"There! go and tell your country women that a Yankee tailor has kicked the son of the King of England."

THERE may be splendor that is not empty—that of the full moon, for example.



## ALMOST A DEAD HEAD.

A CONDUCTOR on the Central Rail Road, while collecting the fare, says the Detroit Advertiser, came to a man sitting muffled up in a cloak, and demanded his fare.

"How much to Jackson?" asked the muffled man.

"Twenty-five."

"Ah! that's more money than I've got; don't you sometimes carry folks for less when they are poor, or sick, and unfortunate?"

"Yes."

"Well, then you had better take half price for me; you see I've lost use of both my hands!" holding them up encircled with handcuffs!

The conductor looked round, and observed the Sheriff sitting behind him, indulging in a quiet smile at his expense.

## VERY LUCID.

THE worthy sons of St. Nichols have occasionally a very singular method of expressing themselves. One day, last summer, one of them who had been at work in a cornfield came limping up to the farm house, his hand grasping the calf of the leg, and his face expressive of the greatest pain.

"Vat ish de matter mit you, Hans?" exclaimed the good-natured host, who sat at the door smoking his pipe.

"Oh!" exclaimed the sufferer, "I pit myself very bad mit a snake, out in ter field!" and he pressed the wounded part with a tighter grasp.

"You pit yourself mit a snake?" said the terrified and humane proprietor; "den vy you don't make fast and tie bandage mit your leg, else you will get a coffin in your body."

## SEEING A LIGHT.

A SAILOR, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become a "water man," said that just at the close of a dark night he was sent aloft, to see if he could see light. After a short time he was hailed from the deck with—

"Mast-head, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!" was the answer.

"Do you see a light?"

"Yes, sir!"

"What light?"

"Day light, sir!"

The look-out was ordered down with a run.

DUTCH PRAYER.—A Dutch preacher who was wanly inclined in favor of the tory party during the Revolutionary war, happened once to get into an American camp, on Sunday, and was consequently called upon for a sermon and a prayer. He from the force of habit commenced the latter with "Got pless the king—" whereupon there was considerable excitement amongst the soldiers, when he perceived it, with admirable presence of mind continued, "Yes, mine bearers, I zay Got pless te king—pless him mit blenty of hardt dimes, pless him mit a whig barliament—pless him mit defeats on landt unt on te zea—pless him mit all kindths of pad luck—pless him mit sickness—pless him mit a short life—unt, Lordt, may we have no more of him."

Why does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging? Because it has a pupil under the lash.

## AN ALLEGORY.

A HUMMING bird met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming bird; I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a catapillar. So let me give you a piece of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may be some day your superiors."

## A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

TEACHER—"John, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?"

John—"Three, sir."

Teacher—"No two would be left, you ignoramus."

John—"No there wouldn't though—the three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away!"

Teacher—"Take your seat, John."

## RARE EPIGRAM.

THE history of a certain William Smith, who lived at Penrhyn, is thus pithily summed up on a tomb-stone in the church yard of that place:

"Here lies William Smith, and what is  
Somewhat rartish,  
He was born, bred and hang'd in  
This here parish."

"La me!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the higamies of death for three mortal weeks. Fust, I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the himshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of helth, particularly when your sick."

"Now, Billy, my dear, give your little sister half of your apple." "I don't want to mother." "Yes, do my dear; that's a good boy. It is more blessed to give than to receive." No it ain't, mother, not always. There are some good things I'd as leave give as take—but not apples." "What things then, my dear." "A good whipping, mother."

COOL.—"MAY be smoking is offensive to some of you," said an inveterate smoker, as he entered one of the ferry boats. "Yes, yes," immediately responded a dozen voices. "Well" said the inquirer, immediately placing his cigar between his lips and puffing away at it for his dear life, "tis to some folks."

CLERICAL WIT.—An old gentleman of 84, having taken to the altar a young damsel of about 16, the clergyman said to him: "The font is at the other end of church." "What do I want of the font?" said the old gentleman. "O! I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit; "I thought you had brought this child to be christened!"

AN IRISH COMPLIMENT.—A lovely young girl was bending over a rose tree, which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket-woman, who looking kindly at the young beauty, said: "I axes your pardon, young lady, but if its plasing to ye, I'd thank ye to kape yer ehake away from that rose; ye'll put the lady out of consait with the color of the flowers."

## ANECDOTE.

"NEVER speak unless you have something to say, and leave off when you are done." This was the rule, followed by an old gentleman, who upon being asked to address a religious meeting some twenty years ago, thus spoke; "My friends, I go about Charlestown, Malden Cambridge, and other towns, selling meal; to some I sell a bushel, and to some I sell a peck. Some say one thing, and some another; world without end. Amen."

HOW TO FIND ROOM IN AN OMNIBUS.—Conductor, "Would any gentleman mind going outside, to oblige a lady?" Unfortunate Gentleman, (tightly wedged in at the back!)—"I should be very happy, but I only came yesterday out of the lever hospital."

Omnibus clears in a minute!

A FRIEND of ours who took the overland route to California, writes to us that he was so hard run in May last, that he had to boil his green cotton umbrella for greens—for a knuckle of ham he had to use an old boot. There's a bill for you.

MRS. PARTINGTON, on hearing that a young man had set up for himself, "Poor fellow," said she, "has he no friend that will set up for him part of the time?" And she sighed to be young again.

## A GOOD EXCUSE.

"Now my little man, tell me—for a penny—why don't you wash you face." "Lor' bless you!—We never has no water down our court."

LAST Sunday, a little boy attending Sunday school, was asked "what became of Judas Iscariot?" "Killed in the revolutionary war," said the boy quickly.

If you ever wish to carry home a shirt full of broken bones, just undertake to part an Irishman and his wife when they are exchanging irons with each other.

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.  
F. M. West Burlington, N. Y. \$1.00.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Day, Mr. David N. Hess to Miss Gertrude Dederick, all of the town of Claverack.  
In New-York, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, Mr. J. Warren Coleman, of Albany, to Miss Harriet E. Simons, of New-York.  
In Nassau, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Wm. W. Pierce, Mr. H. L. Bodurtha, of Hudson, to Miss Mary F. Haight, of North Adams, Mass.

## DEATHS

In Kinderhook, on the 2d inst. Lucas Hoes, an old and respected resident of that village.  
In this city, on the 2d inst. Rebecca widow of David West.  
At Weed-port, on the 2d inst. at the residence of A. J. Niles, Esq. Miss Mary Netterville, aged 34 years.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.  
TO MARCIA.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDNER.

THOU art gone little Marcia, no more do I see  
Your fairy like form gliding swiftly 'round me;  
No more do I hear your sweet charming voice,  
Which even in gloom made my spirits rejoice.  
Thou art gone little Marcia, thy Grandmama weeps,  
Every night of her life, her pillow she steeps,  
With the bitterest tears she ever yet shed,  
For those whom she loved, either living or dead.  
Last Christmas, thy Father and Mother were here,  
Uncles, and aunts, and friends very dear,  
Our vine covered lot, was cheerful and bright,  
Alas for to day, 'tis as gloomy as night.  
Oh, when wilt thou fly to thy green island home,  
My sweet Marcia B. oh, when wilt thou come?  
Shall I ever behold thee my own precious child,  
With thy cherub like face, and thy eye beaming mild?  
Shall I ever again embrace thee, and call  
Thee, my loved one, my darling, my own Marcia Ball.  
Shall I ever enfold thee, and sing thee to rest,  
As erst I have done on my fond loving breast?  
'Twas wrong, very wrong, when I loved thee so well,  
To take thee away from thy grandma to dwell.  
When no longer my eyes can follow thy form,  
That made e'en the sky look bright in a storm;  
God bless thee my sweet one, thy Father and Mother,  
And all our dear friends, ever love one another.  
When years have rolled by, are passed and gone,  
And the Grandma thou lov'st in the grave lies alone,  
Oh, wilt thou remember her love with a sigh,  
And once in a while, let a tear dim thine eye,  
For never, did mortal e'er love  
Another more dearly; death cannot remove  
No, not even death can bear from my heart.  
Thy image, my DARLING if called on to part.  
*Sag Harbour, L. I. 1851.*

## FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;  
Who has not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end;  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living, or dying, none were blest.  
Beyond the flight of Time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blest clime  
Where life is not a breath,  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.  
There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown—  
A whole eternity of love,  
Form'd for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that happier sphere.  
Thus star by star decline,  
Till all are passed away.—  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
—They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

## A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LOVE me, sweet, with all thou art,  
Feeling, thinking, seeing—  
Love me in the lightest part,  
Love me in full being.  
Love me with thine open youth  
In its frank surrender;

With the vow of thy mouth,  
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,  
Made for earnest gazing!  
Taking color from the skies,  
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall  
Snow-like at first meeting;  
Love me with thine heart, that all  
The neighbors then see beating.

Love me with thy hand stretched out  
Freely—open minded;  
Love me with thy loitering foot—  
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns  
Sudden faint above me,  
Love me with thy blush that burns  
When I murmur, "Love me!"

Love me with thy thinking soul—  
Break it to love sighing;  
Love me with thy thoughts that roll  
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous aim,  
When the world has crowned thee!  
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,  
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure as musers do,  
Up the woodlands shady;  
Love me, gaily, fast, and true,  
As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,  
Further off or nigher;  
Love me for the house and grave—  
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,  
Woman's love no fable,  
I will love thee—half a year—  
As a man is able.

## THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!  
Christian, God speed thee!  
Let loose the rudder-bands—  
Good angels lead thee!  
Set thy sails warily,  
Tempests will come;  
Steer thy course steadily,  
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,  
Breakers are round thee;  
Let fall the plummet now,  
Shallows may ground thee.  
Reefs in the foresail, there!  
Hold the helm fast!  
So—let the vessel wear—  
There swept the blast.

"What of night, watchman?  
What of the night?"  
"Cloudy—all quiet—  
No land yet—all's right!"

Be wakeful, be vigilant—  
Danger may be  
At an hour when all seemeth  
Securest to thee.

Now! gains the leak so fast?  
Clear out the hold—  
Hoist up thy merchandise,  
Heave out the gold;—  
There—let the ingots go—  
Now the ship rights;  
Hurrah! the harbour's near—  
Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet  
At inlet or island;  
Straight for the beacon steer,  
Straight for the high land;  
Crowd all thy canvas on—  
Cut through the foam—  
Christian! cast anchor now—  
Heaven is thy home!

## ACTION.

ACTION! action! strong emotion,  
Either of delight or woe!  
Stagnant air and stagnant ocean,  
May my life's bark never know!

Labor loving daughter, weeping,  
Full existence let me prove!  
Fearing naught but slothful sleeping,  
While its marvels round me move!

Though a stringed harp my soul be,  
Folding in its chords sublime  
Music, which to rouse, is wholly  
Past the skill of Fate and Time;

Yet, when'er these powers have fitness,  
Forth its numbers let them call  
All the pure may feel and witness—  
Knowledge, suffering—give me all!

And I'll dream what music lingers,  
Like the germ beneath the sod,  
To be waked by Angel-fingers,  
Nearer to the throne of God.

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